

By The Green Grove

One May morning early I chanced for to roam
And strode through the field by the side of the grove.
It was there I did hear the harmless birds sing,
And you never heard so sweet, you never heard so sweet,
you never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

At the end of the grove I sat myself down
And the song of the nightingale echoed all round,
Their song was so charming their notes were so clear
No music no songster, no music no songster,
No music no songster can with them compare.

All you that come here the small birds to hear,
I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw near.
And when you're growing old you will have this to say,
That you never heard so sweet, you never heard so sweet,
You never heard so sweet as the birds on the spray!